I hear humming, buzzing, buzzing

Today marks one long dream
Burrowed deep inside
Sallowing faces leaving me behind

They talk about me, see?
I can hear them
They call their friends entomologists

Knock on wood, but I'd rather stay alone
And isolate intuition from unknown
You've bent my world, now I'll never figure out
What it means when I see infestations in my dreams

Today marks two long dreams
Festering away
Sallowing bodies crawling on all fours

They talk about me
They get in real close
They call themselves metamorphosis

Knock on wood, but I'd rather stay alone
And isolate intuition from unknown
You've bent my world, now I'll never figure out
What it means when I see infestations in my dreams